REALM OF X

MARVEL 004

FALL OF X

GRØNBEKK
NEVES
BEREDO

In *Asgard, Sif* sees all.

Every moment of every life.

She sees the joy, the grief, the love and the betrayals.

But it is what the All-Seer did not see that strikes fear in her heart.

It takes extraordinary powers to hide from Sif's sight.

(Saturnyne is extraordinary, after all.)

But on Curse's jinx, her magic fails.

The invisible walls that were hiding Vanaheim crumble, and Sif can see the realm once more.

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

She calls her king when she sees the fury of the witch.

And she feels her heart fall when she sees the one they call Magik summon powers best left alone.

What is it, All-Seer?

Because she knows this means--

War, my king.

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[_____X]

FALL OF X

REALM OF X

[fall__of]
[_____X]

Hear the War Horns Blare

The promised day of prophecy has arrived to Vanaheim and forced Saturnyne's hand. All previous attempts to bring forth a bloodthirsty conquering army have failed because she lacks the power to keep the portals open long enough for more than a handful of ships and soldiers to come through -- but if she can harness Curse's power for long enough to unlock an ancient well of Vanaheim power, it should be enough to turn the tides -- even if it costs Curse's life.

The problem is that after Magik's solo infiltration mission to find Curse in the Emberstone Citadel, Curse is now cognizant of Saturnyne's true reasons for keeping her close. In response, Saturnyne threw Magik off the citadel's tallest spire -- but even with her mutant powers repressed, Magik has more than one trick up her sleeve. Meanwhile, in a fit of anger, Curse has disabled all of Saturnyne's protective cloaking around the citadel -- leaving them temporarily defenseless.

The time for sharpening blades is over -- now it's time for war.

1___[MAGIK]
2___[MIRAGE]
3___[TYPHOID MARY]
4___[DUST]
5___[MARROW]
6___[CURSE]
7___[SATURNYNE]

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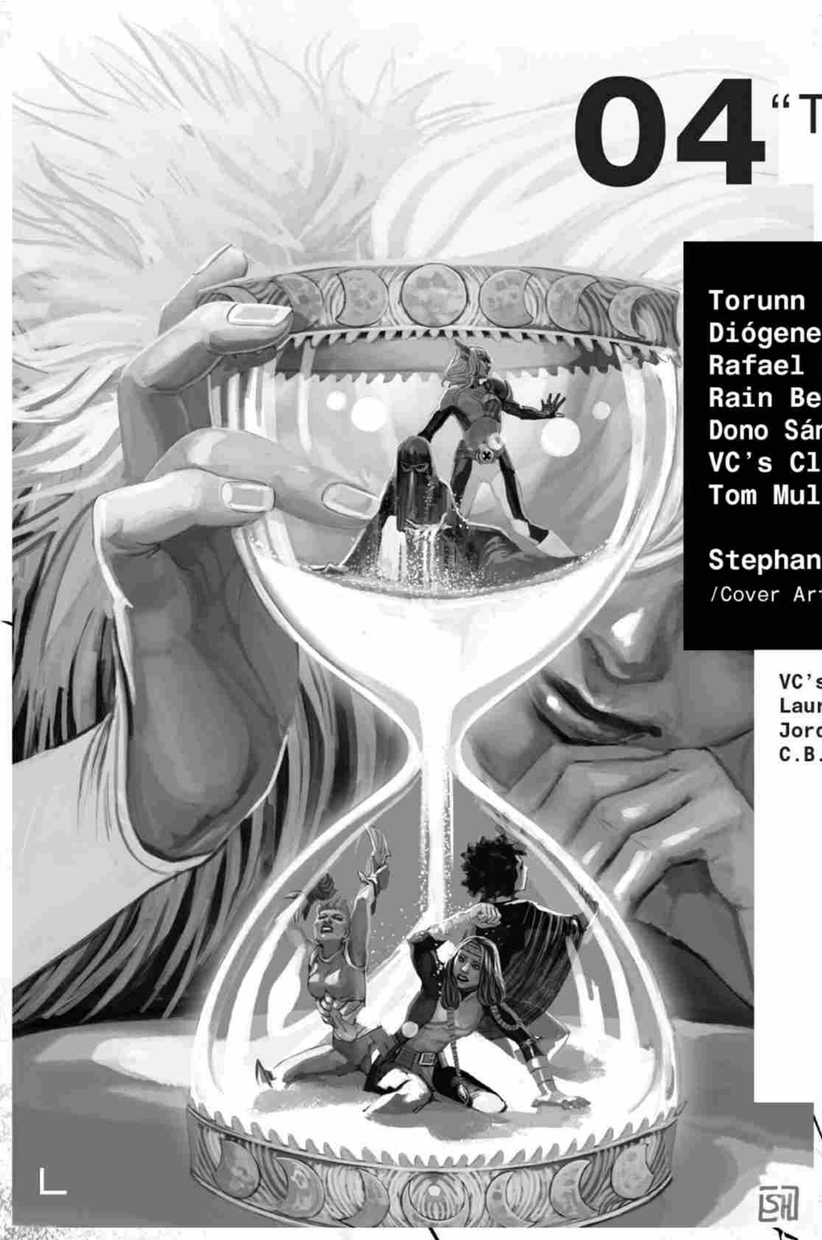
04 "THE PROMISED DAY"



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Emberstone Citadel, Vanaheim.

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

Now there will be war. The prophecy will be fulfilled. You cannot beat fate, Saturnyne.

You ungrateful little beast!

I took you in!

Despite--

--despite what you are.

Despite your *incessant* yapping, your *ignorance*, your *selfishness*--

You lied!

You're a silly little girl. You can't fathom what I'm trying to do!

You don't understand the first thing about *sacrifices!*

TT-TAT-TT-TAT

You kept me from *my friends!*

Oh, but you have no *friends*, Curse. Who would want to be your friend?

In life, you can either be *loved* or you can be *useful.*

You are quite *unlovable*, but--

Saturnyne's words cut deep.

But there is another sound in the room.

TKT-TKT

A whisper.

--I'm giving you a chance to do something that *matters.* Something that will change the universe.

What is *that?*

TKT-TT-TKT-TKT-TAT-TKT

TKT-TT-TKT-TKT-TKT

The whisper turns into a voice.

What is...?

Don't touch that!

Is that...? Is that *Dust?*

She knows it.

She knows *her.*

And *Dust* tells her to--

...Dust?

--run.

AGGHH!

Vanaheim is magically bankrupt. The only power left to use is that of suffering.

It is dark magic.

She can smell it.

Touch it.

Like a tangible thing.

It would be easy to lose oneself in this.

All this anger and pain.

But in the choir of misery, one voice outsings all--

Curse.

We'll find Curse!

Later!

Don't we need her for--?

We're no longer fighting the Vanir--we're fighting the *universe.*

The enemy is at our doorstep. More will come.

We need to get the army here.

But without *the source--*

Without the source, we will *bleed* the realm *dry.*

No matter.

I have no need for forests.

But there is a lot of *power* in a dying world.

We have tried everything to return the power source to Vanaheim, to no avail. The failure burns in my heart. The patience of our queen has come to an end, and she has decided to draw power from the realm -- from Vanaheim -- instead.

The queen seems to believe that standing on dying ground might be enough to convince Curse to act -- to use her strange powers to bring us the source -- but only a fool would rely on the selflessness of a child. Especially that child.

In my heart, I grieve. I grieve for the Vanir, too stubborn to accept what Saturnyne offers. I grieve for the beauty of the world and the innocence that walks upon it. I grieve for the trees that will burn and the mountains that will crumble.

But I have seen Saturnyne's vision. I know her heart. I know the sacrifice will be worth it in the end.

All great empires are built on blood and ash. In a few years, when our queen rules Vanaheim as the center of the joined universes, as it was always meant to be, and when knowledge and resources are traded across dimensions and time, we will not dwell on the loss of today.

But for now, war is upon us. May Saturnyne have mercy on their souls.

Tsanna, diary entry #231

The Vanir Front, seconds before.

It is a stolen moment.

I wanted to say...

...if I die today, I feel lucky to have met you.

To have known you.

You don't know me, Vonos.

There is no world around them--

--there is no war--

Sure I do, Mary.

You don't know the first thing--

--no battle. No prophecy.

Only his touch and her lips.

Sure I do, Mary.

I would beg you not to fight, but I know you will.

How do you know?

And when the world returns--

RUUUMBBLEEE

--it *bleeds*.

Life is drained from the world.

This is it.

The forest screams as the trees die--

Don't just stand there, Dani!

Do something!

Nice to see you, Mary!

--the wind whimpers--

GASP

--and fate laughs.

Curse! We know you're in here! Come out and play, you little @%&%!

We can finally kill the little br--

ZRRRRCK

The *source* glitters in silence.

The only sound in the room is that of melting flesh.

It is mesmerizing.

There, yet not there at all.

Magik! You...you came back!

Of course. I was never going to leave you with Saturnyne.

I'm so sorry!

I'm... Yuck. I got soldier on me.

We can take care of-- wait, what is *that?*

I think it's what she wants from me.

It's like a power...thing. It's hidden in another dimension.

Which is kinda cool, I have to admit. But I don't know what I'm supposed to do--

She thinks you can jinx it back to the realm.

But if it's hidden, it's hidden for a reason. Let's get out of here.

Saturnyne wanted slaughter.

She got a battle instead.

Saturnyne watches the fight with unease.

KABOOOM

Found the fuel tanks!

It's about to get hot in here.

Saturnyne is living through the prophecy.

Every step she takes feels predetermined.

(She resents it.)

We're running out of time.

Forward! Leave none alive!

The prophesied ***event*** will happen soon.

The ***moment*** that changes everything.

Our forces are proceding at a steady pace. The rebels will all be dead by the end of the day.

You don't understand. We are fighting fate. Is this truly the best you can do?

She still believes Curse is the key to it all.

Saturnyne must either change the child's mind--

SUMMON THE GROVERS!

--or kill her.

As death rains from above--

Where are we going? I can't see anything!

It's Dust! Follow the storm!

--Sooraya guides them through the battlefield.

Bringing them together.

Oh no, did you forget how to use your muscles?

Magik! Curse! *You're alive!*

Hells yes! And she got her magic back!

AIIIEEEEEE!

...HOW? Are you okay, Magik?

This is not *my* magic.

This is wild and dark magic.

Where is Mary?

She's over--

--there.

WATCH OUT!

Get out of range, Mary! RUN!

We're not dying here, Vonos!

Curse hears a whisper in the wind.

This is your fault, Curse.

NOOOOOO!

Saturnyne's voice is sweet and lovely.

You could have stopped this before it began.

Wh-what? Me?

You could stop it now, yet you choose not to.

Know, Curse... that when they die, it will be your fault.

That's not true! You lie!

Curse cannot tell if it is real or not.

VONOS! NOOOO! NO, NO!

He's gone, Mary. He's gone.

And she does not know what to do.

(And she cannot hear the enemy coming up behind her.)

KRUUUUUMBLLEEE!

What is that?

It's *hope.*

NO! It's too @&%$#&@ little, too bloody late!

While *Thor Odinson* sees the death of his allies--

--*Freyja Freyrdottir* sees the *death* of *her home.*

It tears her heart to pieces.

UNHAND THAT PINK CHILD!

Saturnyne, you have deceived our eyes.

You have attacked our ally.

The mercy of Asgard extends only so far. We will accept your surrender now, or we will fight you to the end.

"The mercy of Asgard"?

Eh, kind of NPC. Like, who talks like that?

np-- what?

Sif! Use the Bifrost and get the children and wounded out of here.

I'm not a child...

FORWARD!

This is the moment.

The final seconds of the future.

Come back to me, Curse. I will stop this. I will bring them back. I will make it all better.

Just come back to me. Give me what I need...or die and get out of my way.

Saturnyne knows her time is running out. Even if she is winning, even if her forces overwhelm those of Asgard and Vanaheim combined, she fears the twist of fate.

As she orders the death of the child, her sweet words travel across the battlefield.

A desperate act to reach the child.

It's not going to be enough, is it?

You can't think like that. We need to keep fighting!

No...for every ship he takes down, two more come through the rip!

And he's, like, a *god!*

Dani! We need to get Curse out of here! Saturnyne is sending everyone after her.

Sif! Can you hear us? Curse needs to--

NO! I'm not going!

Curse, Saturnyne's trying to kill you!

Why does she want Curse dead so bad?

What would it take to make it live again? The realm? The people? Can you bring them back?

There's no magic that *truly* makes something live again, Curse.

There must be. Saturnyne said there was!

If we stop Saturnyne, ***new life*** can flourish here. The ancient trees are still holding on.

The world is not dead yet. We can't give up!

But there is no way to bring back what is lost.

As the moment of prophecy arrives on the battlefield, Curse must make a choice...

...and so she does.

I... Wouldn't it be cool if Magik got what that power-hungry witch wants?

Curse! What did you d--

Curse hurts.

And Magik is pulled away.

And the prophecy is fulfilled.

She is in the citadel.

The tower shatters around her.

(It does not hurt her.)

Through dimension and time, the source returns to Emberstone.

And Magik gets what Saturnyne wants.

She is the power.

She is an ocean.
A realm.
A universe.

The ancient source pulses through her--

--and it would be so easy to forget that she is also *Magik.*

But she remembers Curse--

--and Curse *hurts.*

And then she remembers everything.

She heals the sky with a thought--

--but the power pulls and tears inside of her--

--too great for one person to hold.

So she gives power back to the realm.

New grass emerges.

Soft winds envelop them.

The power sinks into the soil like water in a desert.

New life in all the death.

(She cannot bring them back.)

A memory of an acorn flickers through her mind.

Magik once tried to make a tree grow.

Now thousands wake on her command.

The last of the enemy falls in the distance.

But Magik's eyes are on Mary, searching through the bodies on the ground.

She feels her agony like it is her own.

Curse does not stir.

But Sooraya prays.

And there is still hope in her heart.

Magik sees the moment Saturnyne knows she has lost.

I can feel your eyes on me.

Curse gave you the source.

The little fool.

And then you gave it away. You're a fool too, Magik.

I gave back what you took from the realm, Saturnyne. Nothing more.

Saturnyne is already gone. Magik's words do not reach her.

(She would not have understood them if they did.)

There is victory, but there is no triumph.

Magik sees the question in Mary's eyes.

(But she cannot bring the dead back.)

Dani sees the question in Magik's eyes.

Curse is breathing.

(And the realm sighs with relief.)

A few days later.

The future has returned to Vanaheim.

It is in the wind--

--in the water--

--in the very air they breathe.

So, what happened to the horse?

The giant kept it! But he did not know that it was already with child by the dire wolf. Got a bit of a surprise eleven months later.

It's the king!

The Vanir mourn their fallen.

But *life* has returned to the realm.

Life--

Dire-wolf-horse?! *Bril-lii-ant!*

--and laughter.

I have been wondering--

--what is an NPC, Curse?

--And for all intents and purposes, Krakoa is abandoned.

Midgard is not a safe place for mutants at the moment. You are being hunted.

That is precisely why we need to return, Freyja.

When our people fight, we fight with them.

The mutants do not ask about the future.

(They know it would not make any difference.)

The Bifrost will take you wherever you wish.

Then take us *home.*

Why do they call you King?

Well, I **am** king of Asgard.

Yeah, I don't see it. Maybe, like a court jester. Or, like...a groom of the stool.

For the love of all the goddamn gods, no more goodbyes. We're ready

Very well.

On behalf of Vanaheim, we thank you.

Until next time, my friends.

Sif!

On her king's orders, Sif sends them *home.*

They return to another fight. Another kind of war.

Awesome.

(And another adventure.)

The End.

Rebirth

Annotated by Frider Frostborn,
Current head librarian at the Library of Prophecy.

I write this as the Library of Prophecy turns into a Library of Unreliable Histories (most libraries are, to be fair).

In the days after the rebirth of our realm, I had the honor of consulting the mutants about the events that occurred before and during the battle. I asked them about specific turns in what we consider the most accurate of our recorded prophecies, and together, we managed to clarify the significance of several previously unknown stanzas. Yet some remain shrouded in mystery. Goddard once spent a month writing about clay pigeons. We believed they would be pertinent to the battle, but other than accidentally knocking out two guards in the hours before the war, we cannot see how they played any major part in the conflict.

Therein lies the problem with prophecy. Its purpose, assuming one subscribes to the idea that there is one, is about as hard to spot as a singular raindrop in a storm.

Yet it is what I do.

I asked the mutants if they wanted me to consult their futures before they returned home. Lady Mary answered that she would rather sit through a recreational root canal. I do not know exactly what that means, but she seemed to speak for them all.

I am relieved. Though our future stretches before us once more, theirs is clouded, and when I look into it, I do not understand the images I see. A white room. An island lonely. The anger and hurt of a family found.

---

rA kOA is for all

[fall__of]
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FOLLOW THE FALL:

ALPHA FLIGHT #4

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #4

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #4

DARK X-MEN #4

JEAN GREY #4

IMMORTAL X-MEN #17

UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #4

WOLVERINE #39

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #12

MS. MARVEL: THE NEW MUTANT #4

REALM OF X #4

ALPHA FLIGHT #5

X-MEN #29

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[of_x___04]

KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA